

ANOTHER

THE WACKY APPLIACES!

NO.
37

MAY
10¢

ZIP COMICS

HA!
HA! HA!
THE
APPLIACES
ARE HERE!



Plus



THE WEB



WILDCAT



WOODY



CHIP



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

STEEL STERLING

in *The Mirror of Death*

WHAT STRANGE POWER DID THE MIRROR OF DEATH HAVE THAT IT COULD STRIP THE FLESH FROM THE BONES OF ITS VICTIMS AND TURN THEM INTO SKELETONS OVER NIGHT? THE POLICE WERE BAFFLED MEDICAL SCIENCE COULD FIND NO ANSWERS AND EVEN STEEL STERLING HAD HIS DOUBTS!

IRV NOVICK

LATE... ONE NIGHT...

HELP!
OFFICER!
COME WITH
ME QUICKLY!

IT'S MURDER!
PROFESSOR
STILES HAS BEEN
MURDERED! COME
BACK TO HIS HOUSE
WITH ME! IM
JAMESON, HIS
SECRETARY!

MURDER!
WELL, WHAT
ARE WE
WAITIN' FOR,
O'MON!

THE DOOR
WAS OPEN SO
I WALKED
IN AND ENTERED
THIS ROOM!

WELL,
LET'S GO
IN AND
TAKE A
LOOK!



A SKELE-
TON! AIN'T
IT A LITTLE
LATE TO
CALL THE
COPS!

BUT HE WAS
ALIVE YESTERDAY!

STOP KIDDIN' ME! NO
GUY COULDA DIED
YESTERDAY AND BE
A SKELETON TODAY!
AN THERE AIN'T NO
SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE!
YOU'RE GONNA COME
DOWN TO THE STATION
HOUSE
AND IF
THIS IS
A JOKE--

I TELL YOU IT IS NO
JOKE! HE WAS ALIVE
YESTERDAY!



AT THE POLICE STATION---

STEEL -- WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE? GEE!

HI, CLANCY! HAD
A LETTER FROM
LOONEY FOR YOU!
WHAT'S GOING ON?



THIS GUY
THINKS HE'S
FUNNY! HE
TELLS ME
SOME BLOKE'S
JUST BEEN
MURDERED
AND THEN
WHEN I GET
THERE I FIND
A SKELETON--
AND HE WANTS
ME TO THINK
IT JUST HAP-
PENED!

THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING!
WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

MY STORY IS TRUE! I
SAW PROFESSOR STILES
YESTERDAY! HE WAS
EXCITED ABOUT A RELIC
HE FOUND! HE WAS A
GREAT ARCHEOLOGIST,
YOU KNOW!



THIS EVENING I WENT TO HIS HOME WITH SOME WORK I'D TYPED FOR HIM! WHEN HE DIDN'T ANSWER THE BELL I WALKED IN! I DISCOVERED HIS BODY ON THE FLOOR -- A SKELETON!

STAY AROUND! I'LL HAVE THE MEDICAL EXAMINER CHECK THE IDENTITY OF THE SKELETON! THE DENTAL RECORDS WILL SOON SETTLE THE QUESTION!

LATER---

IT'S INCREDIBLE-- BUT THAT SKELETON IS PROFESSOR STILES! THE DOCTOR IS LITERALLY BAFFLED!

A SKELETON IN LESS THAN 24 HOURS!



YOU SAY THAT STILES WROTE SEVERAL BOOKS ABOUT HIS ARCHEOLOGICAL FIELD TRIPS!

YES! I'LL BE GLAD TO LEND YOU COPIES IF THEY'LL HELP SOLVE THE CASE!

THAT NIGHT---

THIS IS THE LAST BOOK! IF I DON'T FIND A CLUE IN HERE, I GIVE UP! HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



THE INCA MIRROR OF DEATH
Thomas Munro, Robert Fruen and I witnessed a secret ritual while on our Inca Field Trip. We heard and watched the Mirror of Death Ceremony in which the victim is placed in a vault with a mirror and by morning nothing more than a skeleton is left.

THE MIRROR STORY MAY BE A FAKE - BUT I'VE A FEELING MUNRO AND FRUEN ARE NEXT ON THE LIST!

MUNRO'S HOUSE! HOPE I'M IN TIME!



MY GOD! THAT MUST BE MUNRO!... I WAS TOO LATE! BUT THERE IS THE MIRROR!



THE MIRROR OF DEATH! WHAT MAGNIFICENT CARVING. I WONDER WHAT WOOD THE FRAME IS MADE OF? IT'S ALMOST BLOOD RED!



I'LL TAKE THIS TO SOME PLACE WHERE I CAN EXAMINE IT CLOSELY!



HMM-A VISITOR! THE MIRROR OF DEATH IS SAVING MY LIFE!



SO YOU'RE THE SPOOK THAT HAUNTS THE MIRROR OF DEATH!



HOURS LATER...



GOOD LORD!
THE MIRROR IS
GONE! I SUPPOSE
FRUEN WILL BE
THE NEXT VICTIM,
UNLESS!...

CLANCY! THIS IS
STEEL! PROF. MUNRO'S
BEEN MURDERED, SAME
AS STILES! REPORT IT,
AND THEN GO OVER TO
FRUEN'S HOUSE AT
ONCE! I'LL MEET
YOU THERE!

IN FRUEN'S HOME...
LATER...

I WONDER IF YOU'D
TELL US THE STORY
OF YOUR INCA TRIP!
IT MAY HELP US SOLVE
THIS CASE! DON'T
LEAVE OUT ANY
DETAILS!



IF YOU TAKE US TO
WHERE WE CAN WATCH
THE CEREMONY, WE'LL
PAY YOU A HUNDRED
DOLLARS, GOLD!

WELL, WE MADE THE TRIP
TWENTY YEARS AGO! WE HEARD
A LOT OF RUMORS ABOUT THE
MIRROR OF DEATH, AND WERE
MOST ANXIOUS TO WITNESS THE
RITUAL! OUR GUIDE TOLD US
THERE WOULD
BE A CEREMONY...
SO...

ME? TAKE
YOU?

NO! NO! NO! NO
WHITE MAN ALLOWED!
I WOULD BE KILLED BY
MIRROR OF DEATH,
IF HIGH PRIESTS
FOUND OUT!



LOOK HERE, SON,
HOW'D YOU LIKE TO
MAKE A LOT OF MONEY?
IT'S YOURS IF YOU TAKE
US TO WHERE WE CAN
SEE THE MIRROR
OF DEATH RITUAL!

A LOT OF MONEY!
WELL, IF YOU PROMISE
NEVER TO TELL
AND KEEP STILL
SO WE AREN'T
CAUGHT, I'LL
SHOW YOU!

THEY HOLD TRIAL FOR
INCA WHO STOLE FROM TRIBE!
SEE, HE IS HELD BY GUARDS!
THE HIGH PRIEST HAS BEGUN
THE CEREMONY!

WE WATCHED
THE PRIMITIVE
RITUAL...

TAKE HIM
TO THE VAULT!
IF HE IS GUILTY
THE MIRROR
WILL
NOT HARM
HIM!!

BOW DOWN BEFORE
THE GREAT MIRROR
OF DEATH, TRIBES-
MEN OF INCA!

THE PRISONER WAS
DRAGGED TO THE VAULT
AND THE MIRROR WAS
CARRIED IN AFTER HIM..

FOR HOURS THE DRUMS
BOOMED AND THE TRIBES-
MEN CHANTED..



AT DAWN, WHEN THE VAULT IS OPENED ONLY A SKELETON REMAINS!

HM - IT'S NEARLY DAWN--I'D LIKE TO GET CLOSER, TO SEE WITH MY OWN EYES!

WE WERE DISCOVERED WHEN MUNRO TRIED TO GET A CLOSER LOOK--

WE FLED WITH THE INCAS IN CLOSE PURSUIT--

I CAN HEAR THEM GETTING CLOSER, HURRY!

WE CAN TAKE THE BOAT DOWN THE RIVER--- THEY WILL NOT BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THROUGH SWAMP-LAND!

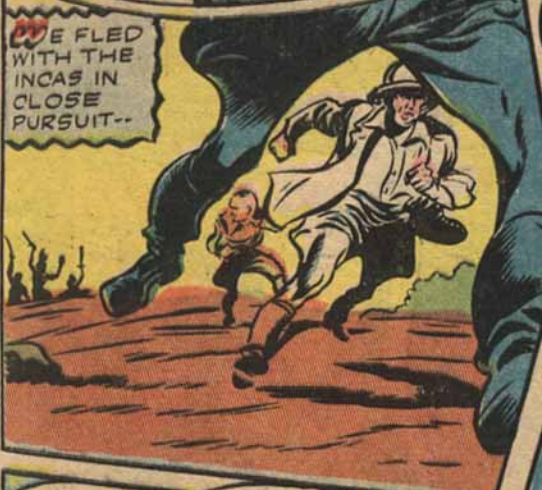
DON'T LEAVE ME BEHIND! TAKE ME TO THE STATES WITH YOU, PLEASE, OR THEY'LL KILL ME!

TAKE YOU BACK! WE CAN'T DO THAT! DON'T WORRY YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

AND SO WE RETURNED TO AMERICA! WE NEVER BELIEVED THE LEGEND! WE THOUGHT IT PROBABLY WAS A TRICK! UNTIL NOW I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE WHOLE THING!

YOU'RE IN GRAVE DANGER, FRUEN! CLANCY, I WANT YOU TO SEARCH THE BASEMENT FOR THE MIRROR! I'LL SEARCH THE OTHER ROOMS!

AW, STEEL! S'POSIN' I FIND IT--BY THE TIME YOU COME I'LL BE A SKELETON!

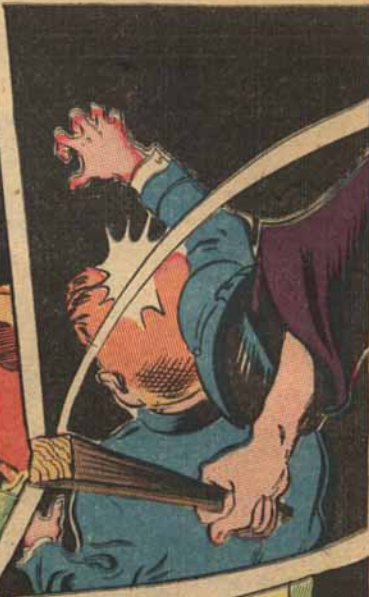




GGGOSH! ITS KINDA DARK DOWN HERE!



I HOPE I DON'T FIND WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR



VERY CARELESS OF STEEL TO TALK NEAR THE VENTILATOR I OVERHEARD HIS ENTIRE PLAN. TOO BAD YOU AND STEEL INTERFERED NOW YOU'LL HAVE TO BE THE VICTIMS OF THE MIRROR TOO!



HELP STEEL!

THAT MUST BE CLANCY SOUNDS AS IF HE'S IN TROUBLE



CLANCY! WHERE ARE YOU?




THERE! NOW YOU'RE ALL TIED UP! WONDER WHERE FRUEN IS?



**STEEL!
CLANCY!**
WHAT'S
HAPPENING
DOWN
HERE!?




PROFESSOR FRUEN!
HOW NICE OF YOU
TO SAVE ME
THE TROUBLE
OF LOOKING
FOR YOU!




**WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT ARE YOU
GOING TO DO?
THERE MUST
BE SOME
MISTAKE!**


**YOU
SURPRISE
ME,
FRUEN!**



**I OVERHEARD YOU
TELLING ABOUT YOUR
EXPERIENCE WHILE VISITING THE
INCAS! YOU DID NOT FINISH THE
STORY THOUGH! THE BOY YOU
REFUSED TO TAKE WITH YOU...
REMEMBER HIM?
WELL, I WAS
THAT BOY!**




**THE ANGRY
TRIBESMEN
SEIZED ME AND
FLUNG ME INTO
JAIL TO AWAIT
THE TRIAL OF THE
MIRROR OF DEATH...**



**LATER, A
HIGH PRIEST
WHO WAS
RELATED TO
ME CAME
TO
JAIL.**

**THIS SALVE
PROTECT YOU
FROM MIRROR!**
I KNOW
YOU MEANT
NO EVIL!



**THAT NIGHT AFTER A
SHORT TRIAL I WAS
LOCKED IN THE VAULT
WITH THE MIRROR...**

SUDDENLY I WAS OVERCOME BY A HORRIBLE ODOR FROM THE MIRROR..

WHEN I REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS I SAW MYSELF IN THE MIRROR..MY HEAD WAS BARE TO THE BONE WHERE THE PRIEST HAD FORGOTTEN TO RUB SALVE...



I VOWED VENGEANCE! I PLANNED AND STUDIED HOW I COULD HAVE REVENGE! I STOLE THE MIRROR AND CAME TO THE STATES IN SEARCH OF YOU!

THE HAIR! AH, YES! IT IS A WIG! YOU SHALL BE LESS FORTUNATE THAN I! YOU SHALL BE SKELETONS! ALL OF YOU!

I KNOW, YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW HOW THE MIRROR WORKS! THE FRAME IS A LABYRINTH OF HOLES

CONTAINING A SPECIES OF MAN-EATING INSECTS! THEY AWAKE AT NIGHT! IF THEY SMELL LIVING FLESH, THEY GIVE OFF A HORRIBLE ODOR THAT OVERCOMES IT'S VICTIMS!

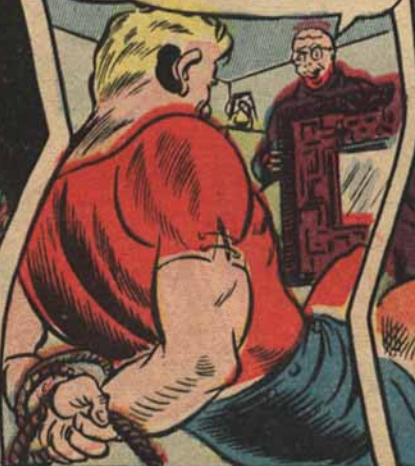
JAM'S SON... BUT YOUR HAIR!

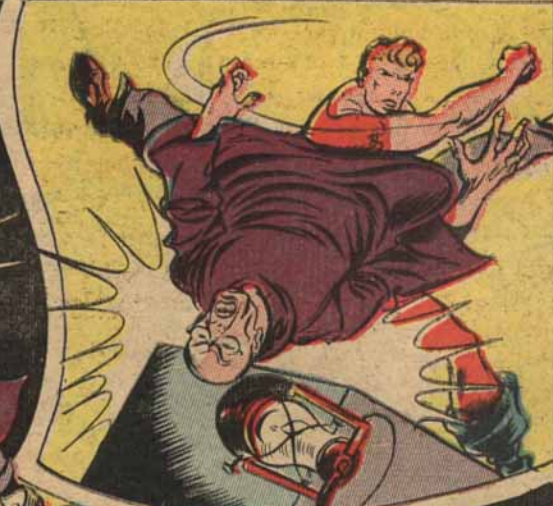


WHEN THE VICTIM BECOMES UNCONSCIOUS THEY CREEP FROM THE FRAME AND DEVOUR HIM.. MILLIONS OF THEM! HERE IS THE MIRROR I HAVE TO KEEP IT IN THIS BOX FOR SAFETY!

THE FRAME IS GREYISH NOW, BUT AFTER THE CREATURES CREEP BACK AFTER EATING IT TURNS A FINE DEEP RED! IT'S A PITY YOU WON'T BE ALIVE TO SEE IT!

I'M NOT QUITE READY TO BE A SKELETON MY FRIEND!!





I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A SECOND! THIS PLACE WILL BE AN INFERNO IN NO TIME!

IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE JAMESON! HE WAS RIGHT IN THE PATH OF THE FIRE!



YES! AND THAT MIRROR! THE SMELL

IT'S SUCH A PITY THAT THREE PEOPLE HAD TO DIE SUCH HORRIBLE DEATHS—JUST BECAUSE WE WERE THOUGHTLESS 20 YEARS AGO! IF WE'D ONLY KNOWN!

YES, IT IS TOO BAD! BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE! AT LEAST THIS FOREVER DESTROYS THE DREADFUL MIRROR OF DEATH.

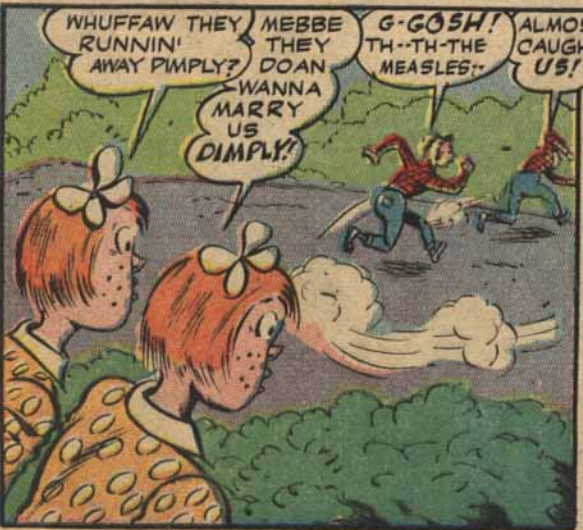
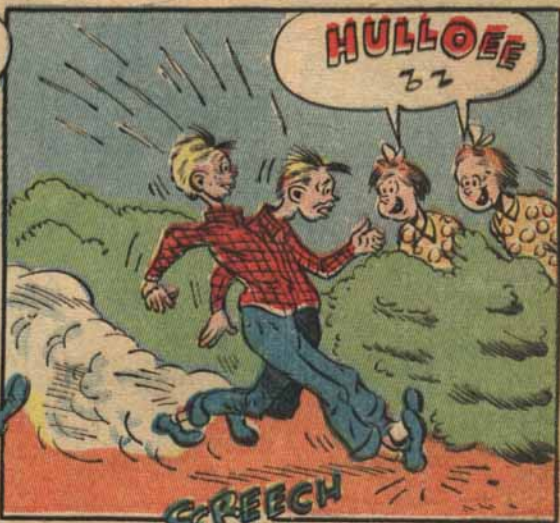
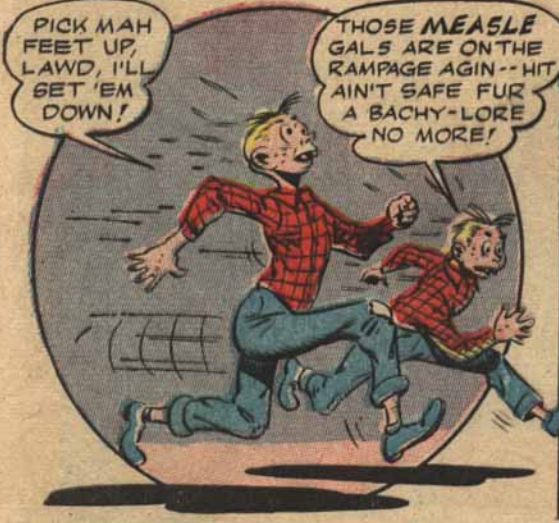


OUCH! SOMETHING JUST BIT ME, STEEL! HELP! MAYBE IT'S ONE OF THOSE MAN-EATING BUGS!

HAI HAI HAI! IT'S JUST A MOSQUITO, CLANGY!

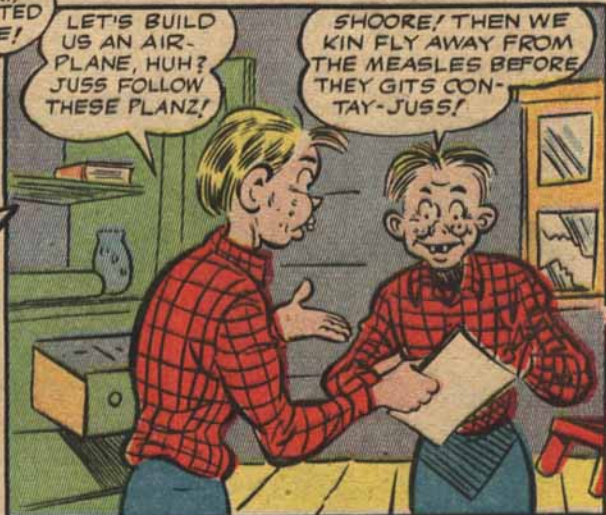
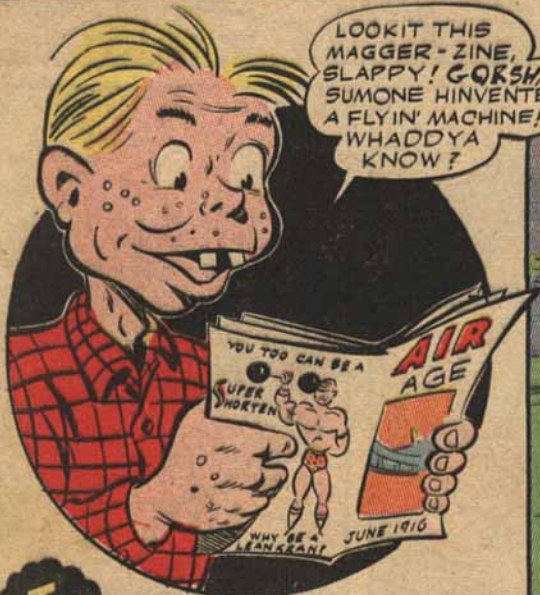


THE APPLEJACKS



G-GORSH!
THAT SHORE
WUZ A CLOSE
SHAVE!

YUP!
THEM
FEMALES
MUST BE
PART BLOOD
HOUND!



LATER

THIS CRATE'LL
COME N'HANDY
BUT WHUT ABOUT
THESE CHICKENS?

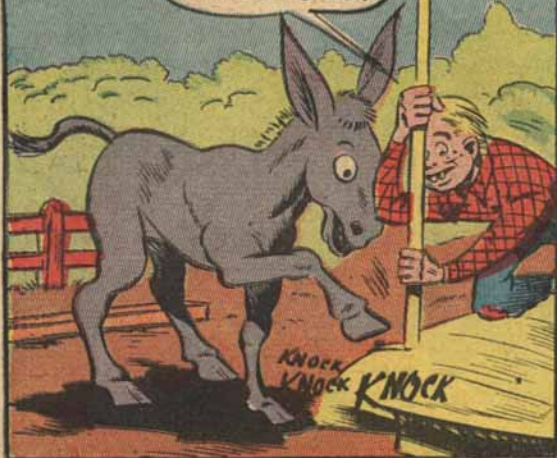
KEEP 'EM IN
THERE! MIGHT
NEED 'EM IF
OUR MACHINE
WON'T FLY
BY ITSELF!



CUMON
CORNLICKER!
WE'RE A GONNA
NEED YORE
HELP!



ATTA BOY, CORNLICKER!
FIFTY TWO DOWN AND
THREE TO GO!



KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK

HIT'S
FINISHED!

YUK, YUK -- HAIN'T SHE
A BEAUT? JUST LIKE IN
THAT MAIL-ORDER CATA-
LOGUE!

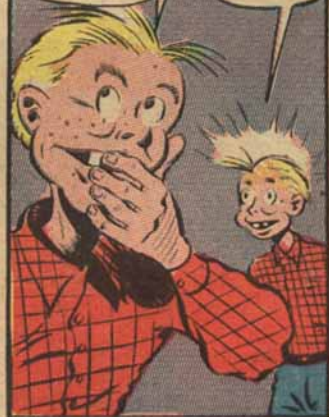


NOW ALL WE-UNS
GOTTA DO IS
GIT SOMEBODY
TO FLY IT!

GAWRSH!
NEVER THOUGHT
O' THAT, NATCHERLY
IT WON'T BE
US!

HMM, I WONDER
WHO WE KIN GIT
T' FLY IT?

THAT'S
RIGHT!
PAPPY!



GOTTA BE
CAGEY, NOW!
H'ONLY ONE
SURE WAY O'GIT-
TIN' PAPPY TO
WAKE UP!



...N GIT HIM
INTO THET FLYIN'
MACHINE! A LITTLE
MOONSHINE'LL GO
A LONG WAY!

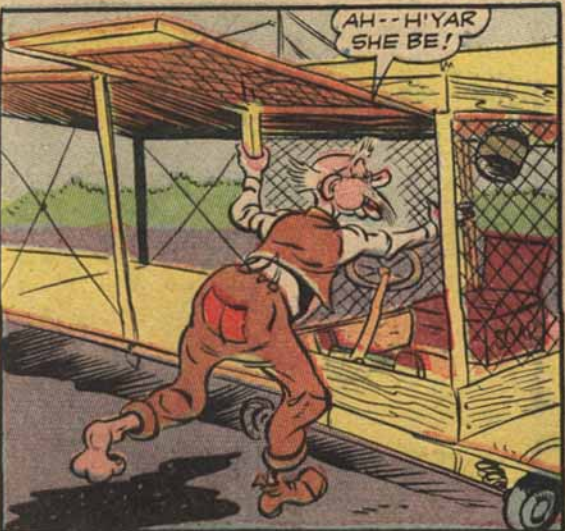


SNIEFF

SNIEFF

SNIEFF







CONTACT, ORVILLE!

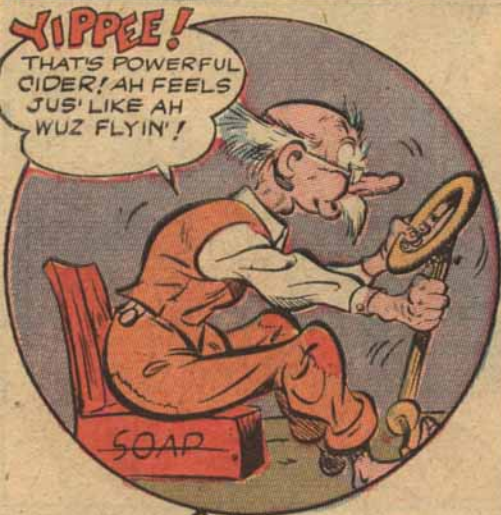
RIGHT! WRIGHT! YUK, YUK!

GLUG! GLUG!



HEY! WE FERGOT T'LET GO!

WELL - DON'T DO IT NOW!



ZIPPEE!

THAT'S POWERFUL CIDER! AH FEELS JUS' LIKE AH WUZ FLYIN'!



SLAPPY (GULP) TH--THE BLAMED THING WORKS!.

ZIPPEE!

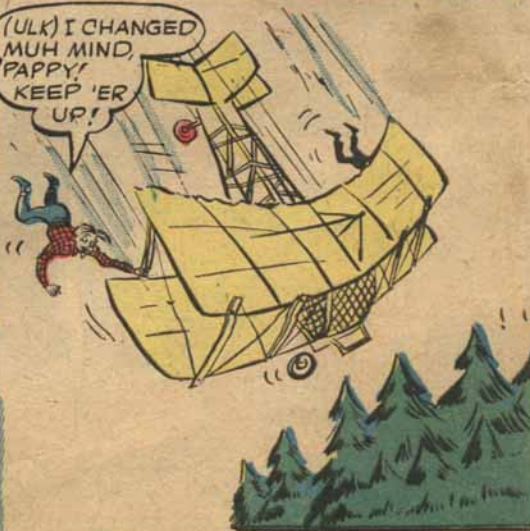
Y-YUP! (ULP) AND AM I SORRY!

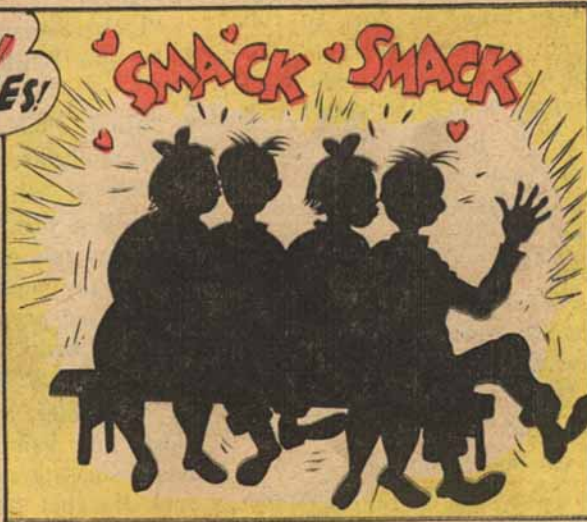
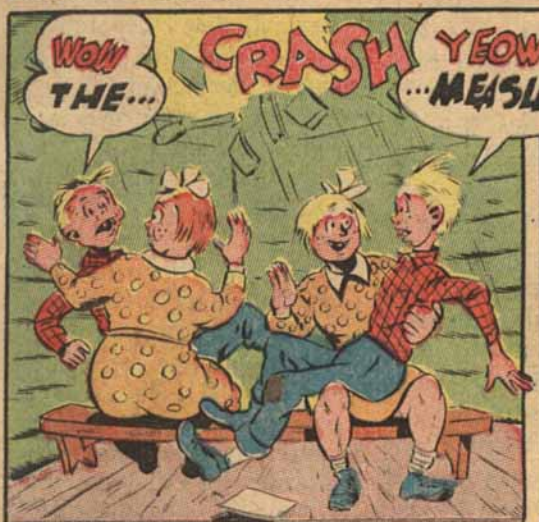


WHAAB!

YEEOWW! BRING 'ER DOWN PAPPY!

(ULK) I CHANGED MUH MIND PAPPY! KEEP 'ER UP!





VERY MAH BONES!
BUT IT SHORE DO
LOOK BAD FOR SLAPPY
AND HAPPY! WHY
WUZNT THEY
BORNED AS LUCKY
AS THEY ARE DUMB!
THEN MAMBE THEY
WOULD HAVE
BEEN KILT IN
THEY'RE FLYIN'
MACHINE ---INSTEAD
OF MARRYIN' UP
WIF THE MEASLES
TWIN'S!
CAN THEY 'SCAPE
THIS TERRIBLE DAN-
GER? WE AIN'T A
TELLIN'! BUT H'IT
SHORE MAKES EL-
LYGANT READIN' IN
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF **ZIP COMICS!**

HERE'S AN APPLE, JACK!

AN APPLEJACK STORY

as told to SEERSUCKER J. AKIT

ONLY one thing stopped Happy and Slappy Applejack from finishing college, and that was they didn't finish high school. And only two things stopped them from taking a walk, and those were Pimply and Dimply Measles, two mountain gals who were looking for husbands. So what was the best thing for Slappy and Happy to do? To run, and run fast! So they did. While Pappy Applejack snored under the maple tree.

"The bes' way tuh git rid of Pimply and Dimply," said Slappy slowly, "is tuh pertend we got sumpin' wrong with us!"

"Yuh mean like we take baths or sumpin'?" asked his twin brother, Happy.

"Yup, or mebbe we could pertend we kin read 'n' rite. That oughta do it!"

"I got it!" Happy Applejack cried suddenly. "We'll pertend we're real gentlemen, and dude ourselves up. That'll scare 'em away!"

So the Applejack twins applied soap and suits and scent. And when they'd made themselves "jest as slick as b'ar grease and twice as fragrant" they started down the road to look for the Measles. While Pappy Applejack still snored under the willow tree.

It wasn't long before they heard a sound like an egg-beater doing the conga, and it was Mayor Hardbelly driving his Model Tee-Hec.

"G-gosh," said Slappy, "the Mayor looks like he got into a fight with a cir-cu-lar saw!"

"Bet he only lasted one round!" answered his brother.

Mayor Hardbelly didn't recognize the twins in their new get-up; he halted his hack, removed a wad of chewing tobacco, and said: "Howdy strangers!"

"Let's pertend we don't know him!" whispered Slappy.

"Mind effen we lean on your red-he-ate-her?"

"Not at all, not at all," stammered the Mayor. "Why don't you fine gents have dinner at my house. We doan usually see people with soots on round here!"

Slappy and Happy looked at each other with delight. Gosh, they hadn't had a real meal since grandma backed into the hot stove! So the wacky twins accepted the Mayor's invitation. And as they drove to town, back at the farm, Pappy Applejack kept snoring under the gumdrop tree.

When the three arrived, the Mayor climbed out first and ran towards his house, shouting; "Wife, wife, set two more plates for dinner. I found two dees-ting-wisht gents on the road, and in-vight-hed 'em to sup wif us!" As Slappy and Happy entered the farmhouse, they suddenly saw Pimply and Dimply Measles. They too had come to the Mayor's for din-

ner. They were carrying a pail of milk. Our heroes clutched each other fearfully, but something was wrong. Dimply and Pimply weren't scared of the Applejacks. No, they didn't even recognize them! Slappy and Happy were terribly disappointed . . . their plan had failed!

But Pimply and Dimply thought they saw two *new* beaux, and their eyes popped out of their heads!

"Got as many eyes as an old per-tat-er!" said Slappy scornfully. Dimply Measles heard the remark. "What if I am an old per-tat-er?" she said coyly. "Some day I may meet a masher!" This was too much for Slappy and Happy; they turned to *beat it, but* C R A S H!! They'd tripped over the milk pail! Their new suits, everything was covered in a mess of cow-juice.

Suddenly Pimply and Dimply recognized the Applejacks, each in a zoot suit with a cream seam!

"We've got usselfs husbands!" they shrieked. And once more the chase was on, with the boys well in the lead. Minutes later they were safe in their house, the door bolted.

"Safe at last! Guess our best plan is tuh stay cluss tuh home!"

Happy nodded; "Yun-yup-yup! Have you seen Pappy since Christmas?"

Pappy Applejack? Oh, yes—he was still snoring under the beech-nut tree!

F-R-O-G SPELLS TROUBLE

A GINGER STORY

by VIV JANICET

IT ALL happened the day Ginger's dad invited his boss, Mr. Frogfardle, to dinner. After all it wasn't Ginger's fault that her pal Dotty had bought a goldfish bowl. And then discovered the bowl wasn't big enough, so she But let's start the story at the beginning: "Psst! Hey Ginger! Look what I got!"

It was Dottie, whispering during the history lesson. She held out a box, and handed it to Ginger who quickly put it in her desk. Ginger wondered what was in the box. If only she could . . . peek . . .

"Ginger Snapp!" Professor Bullband rapped his desk sharply with his ruler. "GINGER, are you paying attention to what I'm saying?"

"Why . . . er . . . certainly, Professor!"

"Then kindly stand up, and repeat to the class what I've been talking about!"

Ginger rose, and started: "In the—er—Babylonion times—C-R-O-A-K—many of the—er—inhabitants used to—C-R-O-A-K—because it was found—C R O A K!" Ginger hastily stopped! What was the "CROAK" coming from inside her desk? Professor Bullband furiously told Ginger to report to the principal after school. The class was in an uproar; they thought Ginger's imitation of the Professor was priceless.

After class was dismissed, Dottie quickly sidled up to her girl friend.

"Laugh, I thought I'd split, when my frog started croaking, in class! You see I bought a goldfish bowl, and then found it was too small for the frog . . . so I thought you would like it!"

"Oh, you thought I'd like it!" said Ginger sarcastically. "And look at all the trouble it's got me into already. All right, I'm

going to keep it!" Angrily, Ginger put the frog in its box, and strode off to the principal's office. A fine pal Dottie turned out to be!

In his office Mr. Grump, the principal, was balancing a spoonful of cough medicine. He must get rid of that cough, somehow. This medicine was guaranteed, too.

"Scuse me, Mr. Grump . . ."
CRASH!

"&\$#!()" said Mr. Grump, as he missed his mouth and plastered medicine all over his shirt.

Ginger held her breath, and watched. Finally the principal made it! The medicine swallowed, he sat down behind a pile of letters and glared at the girl.

"I suppose you've been misbehaving yourself again!" he accused.

"Not exactly, sir . . ." Ginger began.

"Well, I haven't time for your excuses. I borrowed my next-door neighbor's umbrella this morning. Mr. Frogfardle is his name. After school's over I wish you'd take it round to him with my thanks!"

Suddenly Mr. Grump's eyes began to glaze . . . he grew white in the face, his cheeks became purple and he looked as though his eyes were leaving their sockets. The letters on his desk began to move, in fact they began to dance about, in a weird slow dance, uttering strange sounds as they moved: "Croak—croak—croak!"

"That cough medicine must have been stronger than I thought!" gurgled the principal, his feverish hand fluttering to his moist forehead. "I—I—I'm seeing things!" With a savage sound like the mating call of a tiger, Mr. Grump rushed from the room.

"Well, froggie, you helped

me escape from being punished," remarked Ginger as she lifted her green friend from under the pile of letters on Mr. Grump's desk. "But however did you get there?"

Minutes later Ginger left the office, her frog-box in one hand, and Mr. Frogfardle's umbrella in the other.

"No, sorry, Mr. Frogfardle isn't home," said a maid later on. "He's gone out for the evening at 56 Elm Street, he's having dinner with the Snapps."

"Superstitious? Of course I'm not superstitious," Mr. Frogfardle was bellowing at the dinner-table when Ginger came in. "It's all a lot of tommy-rot!"

"Here's your umbrella, sir . . . Mr. Grump asked me to bring it to you!"

"Thank you my dear girl, thank you!" shouted Mr. Frogfardle. "Now just to illustrate what I mean J. Whipper Snapp—watch me open this umbrella! "Not in the house!" shrieked Ginger's mother.

"Superstition, t o m m y-rot!" muttered the guest, opening his umbrella.

And then a strange thing happened. Something green seemed to leap out of the umbrella, into the soup and then leap again to the top of Frogfardle's bald head! And then Mr. F. fainted.

When Mr. Frogfardle came to, he left hastily—very hastily, Ginger looked at her father apprehensively. Boy, this last trick really called for super-duper punishment. But instead, a smile wreathed Mr. Snapp's face.

"Well, I'm certainly glad to get rid of that foghorn. Whew, my ears are still ringing. He didn't stop bellowing since he came in. You know, Ginger, I think I can afford that new evening gown after all."

Now, Ginger fainted!

Ginger



HILLDALE HIGH IS ON THE VERGE OF RECEIVING A REAL CELEBRITY---NONE OTHER THAN BRINGUM HOMFRIDE, THE GREAT AFRICAN EXPLORER---AND WHO SHOULD BE REPRESENTING THE HILLDALE PRESS--- YOU GUESSED IT!!
GINGER!!!

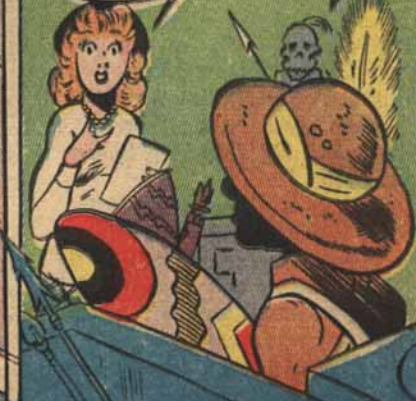
O GEE-GOLLY! WITH ALL THAT MOB, I COULDN'T GET NEAR MR. HOMEFRIDE FOR A STATEMENT! I'LL HAVE TO TRY HIM AT HIS APARTMENT, DOT.

OKAY, GINGER! MAYBE YOU CAN EVEN GET AN INTERVIEW WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS!

WELL, HERE GOES! I HOPE HE DOESN'T GET MAD!

ER... AH... I'M FROM THE HILLSIDE BULLETIN, MR. FRENCHFR... ER... I MEAN HOMEFRIDE, AND.....

COME IN, MY DEAR! COME IN!





YOU WANT MY LIFE STORY, NO DOUBT! SHALL I BEGIN THE DAY I WAS BORN- OR BEFORE THAT?

SIT DOWN, MY GIRL! SIT DOWN!



NO, NOT IN THAT CHAIR!... WATCH OUT!!

CRUNCH!



MY FAVORITE HAT- PRESENTED TO ME BY A GENUINE AFRICAN TRIBE! I WAS PLANNING ON WEARING IT AT MY LECTURE TO YOUR HIGH SCHOOL, NOW YOU'VE RUINED IT! RUINED MY PRIDE AND JOY!



BUT... BUT...

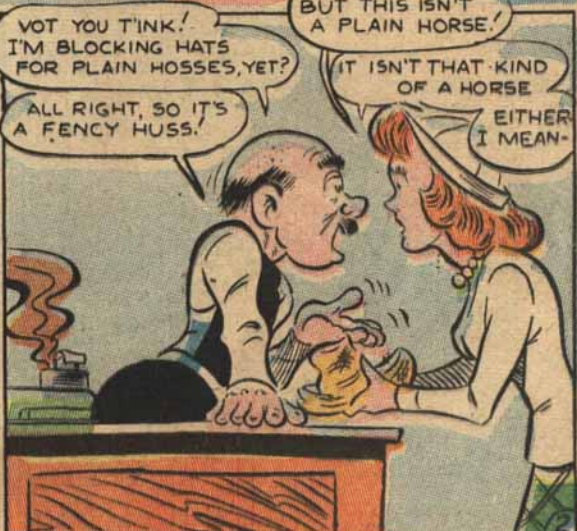
DON'T YOU WORRY! I'LL HAVE IT FIXED FOR YOU IN A JIF, MR. HOMEFRIDE!



A GOOD BLOCKING AND IT'LL BE LIKE NEW!



OH, SAM! CAN YOU BLOCK THIS HAT FOR ME RIGHT AWAY?



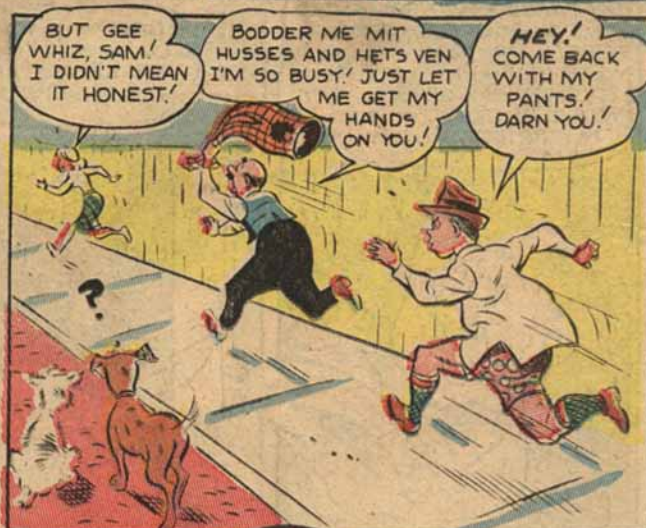
VOT YOU T'INK! I'M BLOCKING HATS FOR PLAIN HOSSES, YET?

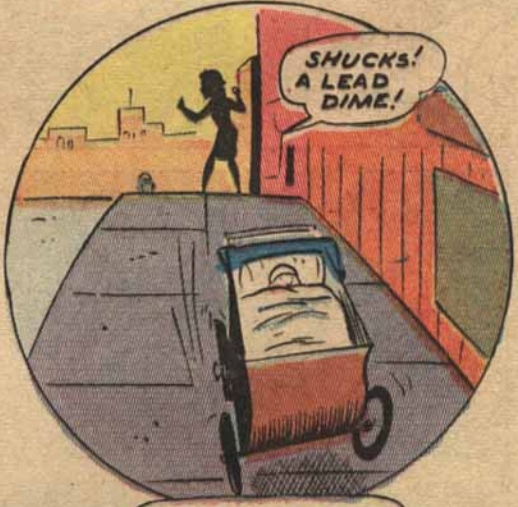
ALL RIGHT, SO IT'S A FENCY HUSS!

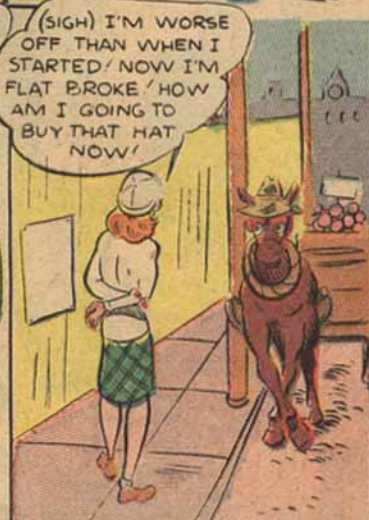
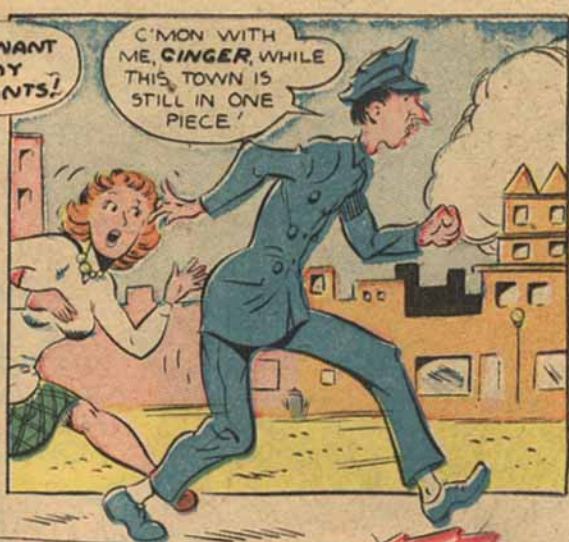
BUT THIS ISN'T A PLAIN HORSE!

IT ISN'T THAT KIND OF A HORSE

EITHER I MEAN-







YES, CHIEF, I HAVE
ONE REQUEST TO MAKE
BEFORE I'M COOKED. HOW
ABOUT LETTING ME FINISH
READING THIS SWELL COPY
OF **PEP COMICS** ?

THE SHIELD HAS
JUST GOTTEN HIM-
SELF IN HOT WATER
AND I'M DYING TO SEE
HOW HE GETS OUT!



PEP COMICS FEATURES...



THE SHIELD



THE HANGMAN



CAPT. COMMANDO
AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



ARCHIE

ALONG WITH

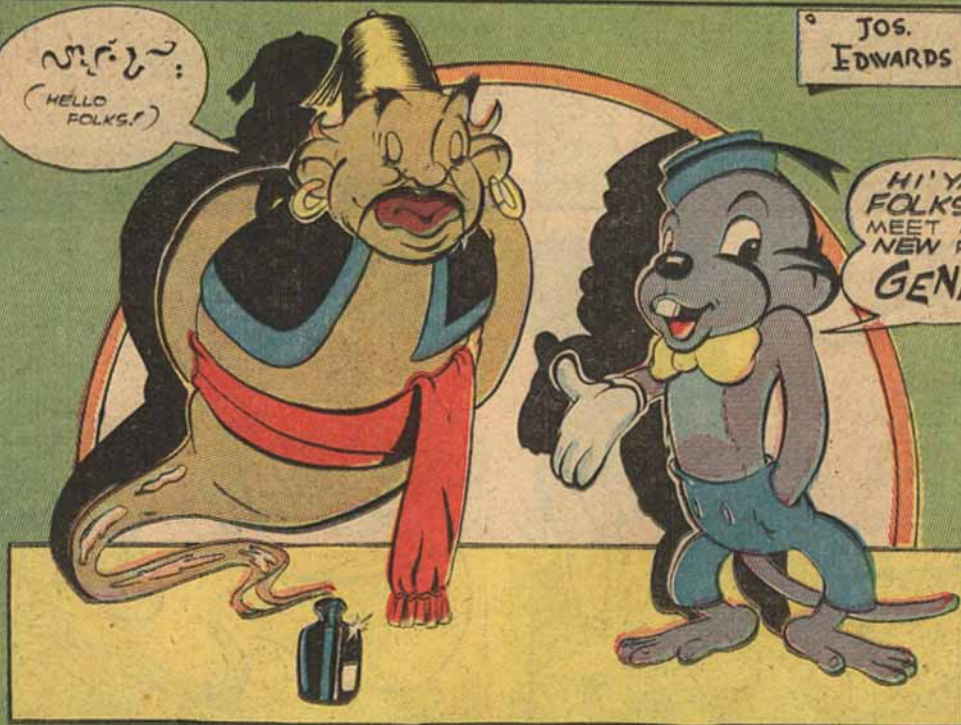
1. SERGEANT BOYLE
2. DANNY IN WONDERLAND
3. BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND
YARD

CHIMPY

JOS.
EDWARDS

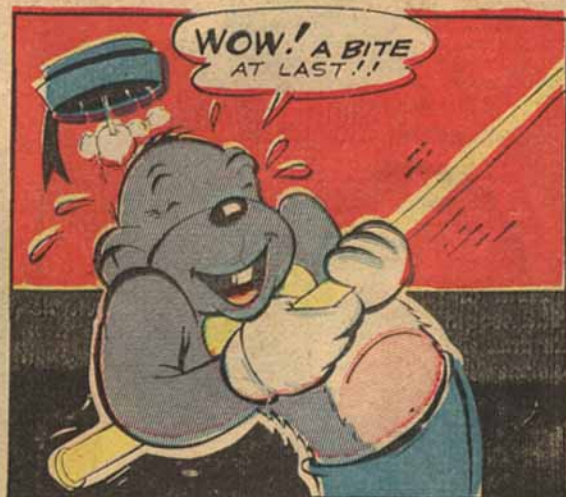
هالو فولكس!
(HELLO
FOLKS!)

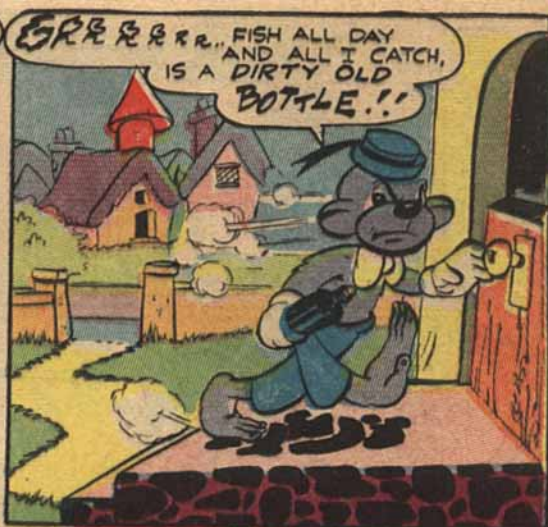
HI'YA
FOLKS!!
MEET MY
NEW PAL,
GENIE!!



HO HUM! NOT
A SINGLE
BITE ALL
DAY!!

WOW! A BITE
AT LAST!!







G'WAN I DON'T BELIEVE IN GENIES!! THAT'S KID'S STUFF!!

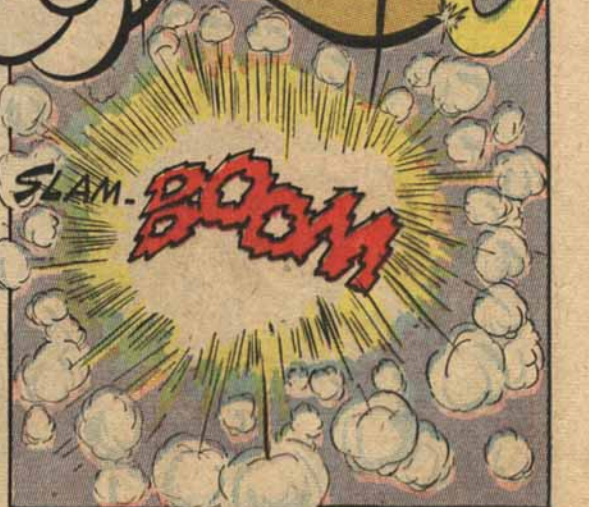


BUT I'M A REAL GENIE... HONEST! AND IF YOU GRANT ME MY FREEDOM, YOU CAN HAVE ANY WISH COME TRUE!!



HA, HA! OKAY! IF YOU ARE SO SMART, FILL UP THIS ROOM WITH GOLD!

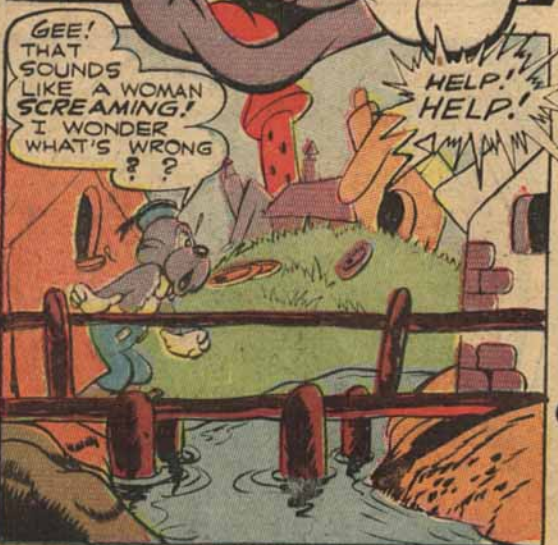
IT SHALL BE DONE!! AS A-BAM-



YIPEE! HE DID IT !!



YOU HAVE YOUR WISH, NOW I AM FREE, GOOD-BYE!!



DAILY MAÑANA
GEOLOGIST CLAIMS RICH DEPOSITS OF GOLD EXISTS IN THE ANDES MOUNTAINS

IT IS KNOWN THAT LARGE DEPOSITS OF GOLD ARE HIDDEN IN THE CRAGS OF THE ANDES MOUNTAINS... BLAH... BLAH...

COME, LET US GO! GOLD EES WHERE YOU FIND EET!

GOOD! LET US FIND IT FAR AWAY FROM MY LEETLE DIRIGIBLE!

MANUEL!
 WHERE ARE YOU GOEENG!

ER... JUST TO GET MY GUITAR TO PLAY YOU ZE LOVE SONG MY LEETLE SUGAR RATION CARD!

HERE, PEDRO, HIDE IN THE BUSHES AND SEENG TO MY WIFE! COMPRENDO??

SI, SEÑOR! FOR 50 PESOS! 25 FOR ME, AND 25 FOR THE HOSPEITAL EEF SHE CATCHES ME!!

QUEECK, BANANA, WE GO GET THE BURRO... AND SCRAM!

SOUTH OF ZE BORDER
 OVER ZE BORDER
 ZAT EES ZE PLAN
 TO GET ZE GOLD
 DREAM

PULL, SEÑOR BANANA, PULL! WE CANNOT BE TOO FAR AWAY FROM MY VOLCANO OF A WIFE WHEN SHE DEESCROVERS WHO EES SERENADING HER!

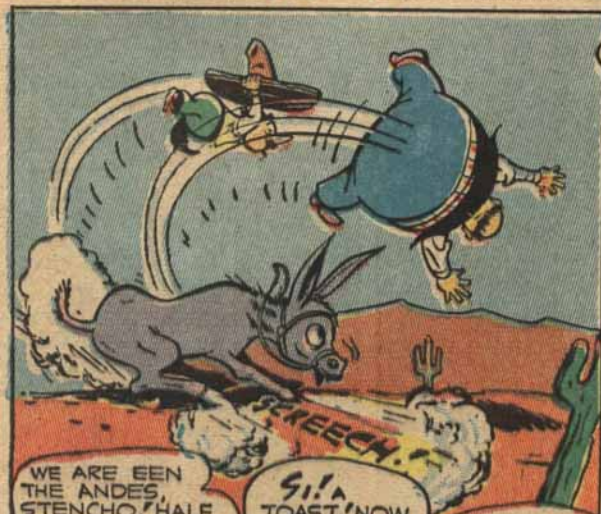
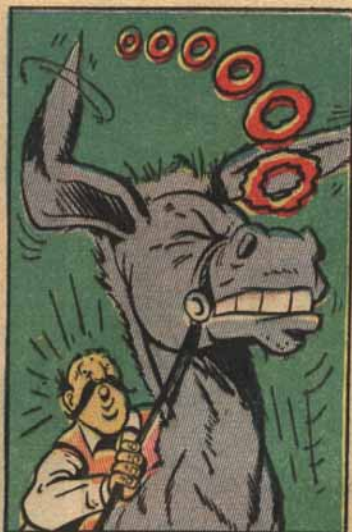
THEES ANIMAL EES STUBBORN AS THE MULE!!
 PUFF..PUFF

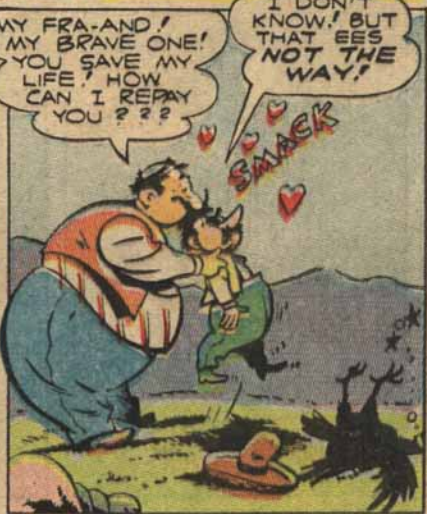
PHEW! DO YOU THEENK EET WOULD MAKE YOU TOO TIRED IF YOU GOT OFF WHILE I MAKE WEETH A PUSH?

THEES EES NO TIME TO QUIBBLE! MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY TALKING TO THE BEAST!

OOOOOF

BZZZZZ









A CAVE!

SHHH... FOLLOW ME!



WHO... WHO...



MEOW



GOLD! TONS OF EET!

LOOK!



WE'RE REECH BANANA! REECH BEYOND OUR DREAMS!

WHEEE! I'LL DO NOTHING BUT EAT THE BANANA AND SLEEP FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE!



SUDDENLY...

BANANA... FOOTSTEPS!

STENCHO! LOOK! LOOK WHAT'S COMING AT US!!



S. SAVE ME S. SEÑOR B. BANANA!

N. NO YOU SAVE ME!

What

MYSTERIOUS SHADOW OF EVIL IS APPROACHING OUR AMIGOS! WHAT HORRIBLE SIGHT THAT HAS SO FRIGHTENED THEM?? IS THE NEW-FOUND GOLD TO TURN TO BLOOD.. THEIR BLOOD? READ YOUR NEXT COPY OF ZIP COMICS AND FIND OUT!!



JEST JOKES

YOU THINK THIS HAIR TONIC IS A MARVEL... YOU SAY IT CAN'T BE BEAT EH?

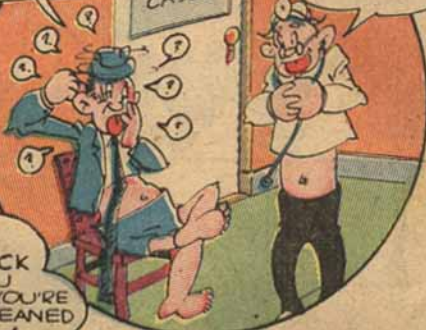
WHY ONE OF MY CLIENTS OPENED THE BOTTLE WITH HIS TEETH AND THE NEXT DAY HE HAD A MUSTACHE!



DOC... I WISH TO CONSULT YOU, ON LOSS OF MEMORY!

DR. LEROY BEER & LIQUOR CASES

CERTAINLY, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY ME IN ADVANCE!

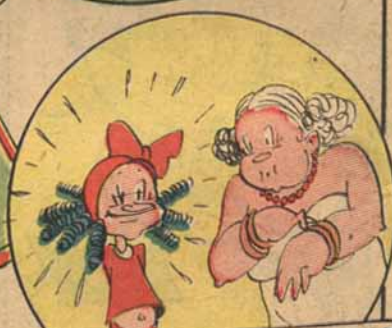


SAY... WHEN THESE CALF-SKIN SHOES GET OLD WILL THEY BECOME COWHIDE?

WHAT THE HECK DO YOU CARE... YOU'RE NOT WEANED YET!



ROSES ARE RED
WIOLETS IS BLUE
CORN IS GREEN
'N SO IS
Roy



JACKIE... WERE YOU AT HOME WHEN I WAS BORN, MOM?
MOTHER... NO, I WAS IN THE HOSPITAL!
JACKIE... YOU MUSTA BEEN SURPRISED WHEN YOU SAW ME THEN!

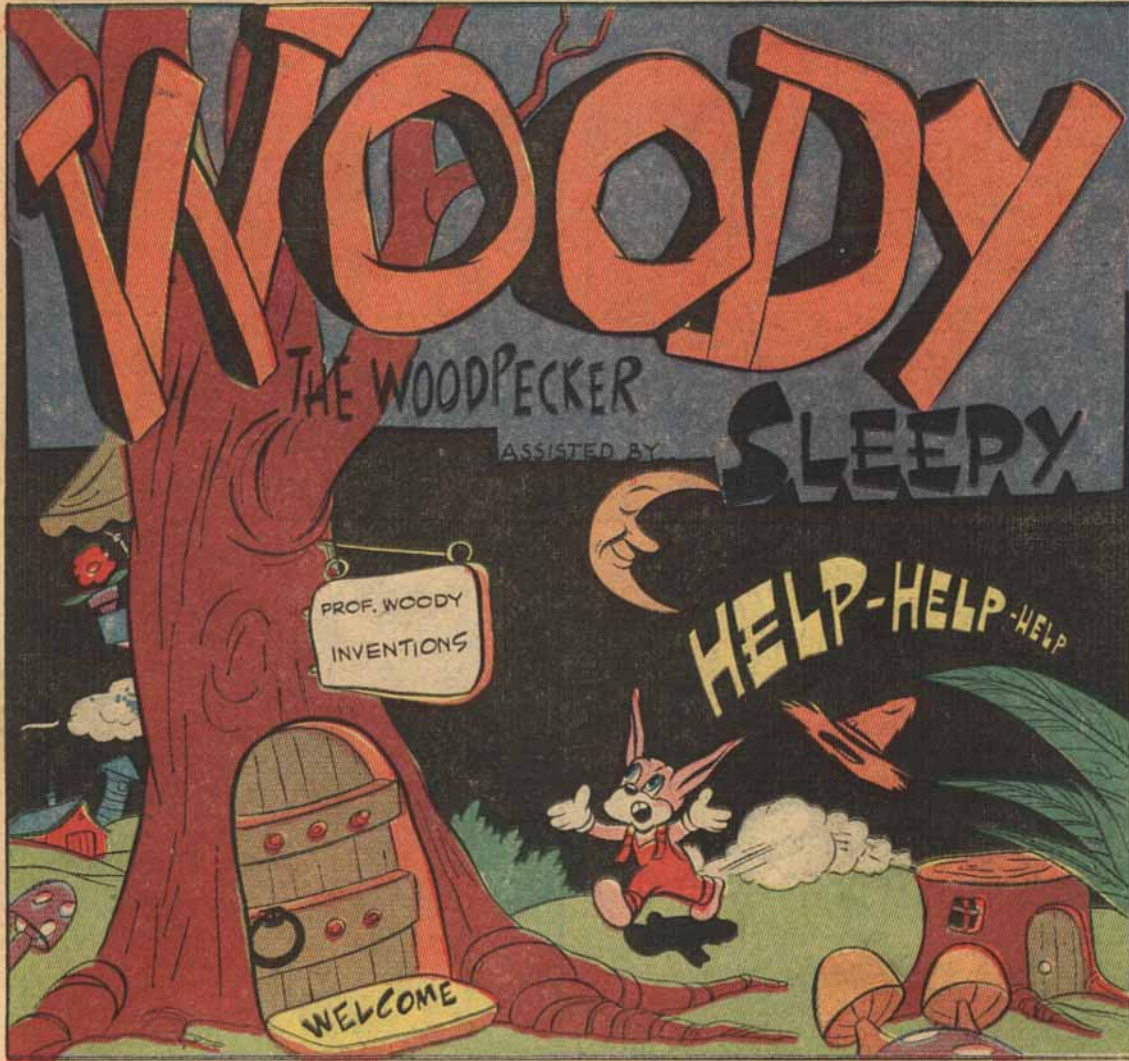


TIMBER!

HOW DO YOU EARN YOUR LIVING?
I'M A WOODMERCHANT ON SMALL SCALE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SMALL SCALE?
SURE... I SELL TOOTH-PICKS AND MATCHES ON THE STREET CORNERS...



VISITING LADY... AT WHAT TIME DO YOU USUALLY EAT DINNER?
LITTLE BOY... AT TWELVE NOON SHARP, BUT WHEN WE HAVE VISITORS, WE USUALLY WAIT UNTIL THEY'VE GONE!





HEAR THAT? ADOLF THE CAT IS COMING! WE'D BETTER HURRY OVER TO WOODY'S AND ASK HIM WHAT TO DO!



PLEASE, WOODY, CAN'T YOU THINK OF SOMETHING TO SAVE US FROM ADOLF THE CAT?

WELL, I'LL PUT ON MY THINKING CAP, AND..



KLOONK

HEY! WHAT TH...!!!



THANKS, BOSS, FOR FINDING THOSE NUTS, AN' BOLTS.. I BEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR DEM!

OUT OF MY WAY, YOU SABOTEUR.. I'M GOING TO INVENT A SUPER CANNON THAT WILL STOP THAT CAT COLD!

SUDDENLY, OVER THE TOP OF THE HILL, THERE APPEARS..



BETTER DO SOME FAST INVENTIN! BOSS! CAUSE!.. LOOK!



HELLO, FOLKS!

ADOLF THE CAT!
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!

WELL, BUTTER MY BREAD! WHERE DID HE COME FROM?

SLEEPY AND WOODY DASH INTO THE HOLLOW TREE AND BOLT THE DOOR BEHIND THEM..

DON'T BE AFRAID.. I'M JUST HERE TO PROTECT YOU.. THAT IS UNTIL I'M READY TO COOK YOU FOR MY DINNER!



AS DAY BREAKS..

MY MY BOSS WE STILL GOT COMPANY!

LISTEN, SLEEPY YOU GO OUT AND ENGAGE HIM WHILE I GET BUSY ON MY SUPER-CANNON!

YUM, YUM!



ENGAGE WIF HIM? BUT BOSS I CAN'T BE IN LOVE WIF NOBODY WHICH IS FIXIN' TO EAT US!



O.K. O.K. BOSS I'M GOIN' SPEEDY AS I CAN!



'SCUSE ME, BUT IS YOU LOOKIN' FOR SOMETHIN' OR SOMEBODY, OR SOMETHIN' MAYBE PERHAPS?

YES.. YOU!



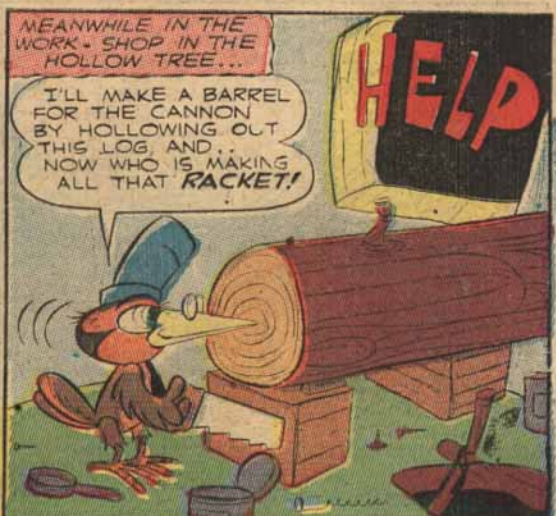
COME ON FEETS SEE HOW MANY TRACKS YOU CAN MAKE BEHIND ME!



MEANWHILE IN THE WORK-SHOP IN THE HOLLOW TREE...

I'LL MAKE A BARREL FOR THE CANNON BY HOLLOWING OUT THIS LOG AND.. NOW WHO IS MAKING ALL THAT RACKET!

HELP





LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO GIVE SLEEPY A HAND. THIS MAGNIFYING GLASS, AND A LITTLE SUNSHINE WILL DO THE TRICK!

YEOW



DON'T GET CAUGHT, SLEEPY.. I NEED YOU TO HELP PUT THE CANNON TOGETHER!

BOY, THIS BURNS ME UP!!



I'M GOIN' TO QUIT, BEFO' I GITS IN A RUT! LET HIM PLAY TAG BY HISSELF!?

GOOD THING I INVENTED THIS EXIT, COME ON, LET'S GET THE PARTS TOGETHER, AND SET UP THE CANNON!



BY HOLLOWING OUT THIS LOG AND ATTACHING A THINGUHA BOB TO THE DOOJIGGER AND FIXING UP THE WHATSIS WITH A HICREY DOODLE IT WAS EASY TO RIG UP THE DINGBAT WITH A PINHOOK, SEE?



LET'S YOU TRY OUT THE SPRING, SLEEPY.. COME ON, PULL!

TRYIN' TO PUT SOMETHING OVER ON ME, EH?



THIS IS THE TIME TO GET HIM!

TWUD

OOF



WHERE AM I? WHAT HIT ME? WHO DONE IT?

LET'S HURRY AND PUT THE CANNON TOGETHER BEFORE HE GETS HIS WIND BACK!



HERE HE COMES AGAIN, LET HIM HAVE IT!

HOW I GOIN' TO LET HIM HAVE IT, WHEN I AIN'T GOT IT?



READY, AIM, FIRE!



HMMM.. SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG!

HAW... HAW! WHAT KIND OF AMMUNITION YOU USING? CREAM. PUFFS?

MUST HAVE BEEN YOU, WHEN YOU INVENTED THIS CONTRACTION, BOSS!

PHOOF



AMMUNITION! THAT'S IT, BOSS... I DONE FORGOT TO PUT IN SOME AMMUNITION! GUESS THE JOKE AM ON ME!

YEAH, SOME JOKE!

THIS IS WHERE I COME IN!



LET ME SEE... I THINK I'LL START OFF WITH A NICE CROW STEW!

JOKE.. JOKE.. HMMM... THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



JUST KEEP HIM IN HOT WATER SLEEPY, WHILE I INVENT SOME AMMUNITION!

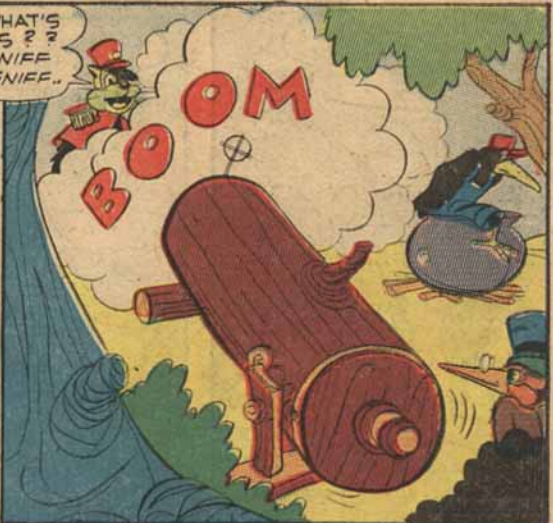
BUT, BOSS, I'M THE ONE WHO IS IN HOT WATER! OUCH!



IT GOES IN UP THERE, AND IT COMES OUT HERE! TRA-LA-LA... YESSIR, LAUGHING GAS TO COOK ADOLF THE CAT'S GOOSE!



I'LL SWING THE CANNON AROUND, AND GIVE THAT CAT SO MUCH GAS, HE'LL LAUGH HIMSELF INTO THE MIDDLE OF NEXT WEEK!!



WHAT'S THIS?? SNIFF SNIFF..



HO HA-HA SNIFF-SNIFF HO HA-HA

HE'S LAUGHING SO HARD, HE'S HELPLESS NOW! GET THE SHERIFF SLEEPY, AND WE'LL HAVE HIM LOCKED UP FOR GOOD!

YOWSAH!



NEXT DAY... TO SHOW OUR APPRECIATION FOR YOUR CAPTURE OF ADOLF THE CAT, I HEREBY PRESENT YOU WITH THIS SOLID GOLD-PLATED MONKEY WRENCH!

JAIL

HA-HA-HA HA

PUZZLE PAGE



START

HORSELAUGH JOE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU CAN FIND OUT WHICH HORSE JUMPED THE HURDLE FIRST.



HERE'S A LITTLE RHYME THAT HORSELAUGH JOE WROTE IN CODE. SUBSTITUTE THE LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET FOR THE NUMBERS AND SEE WHAT YOU GET
EXAMPLE: 1=A, 2=B, 3=C, 4=D



9 8+7+4 1 8+15+18+19+5 23-8-15

10+21+19+20 23+15+21+12+4+14+20

7+15

9 2+21+9+12+20 16+9+18+5

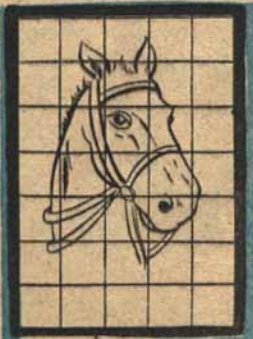
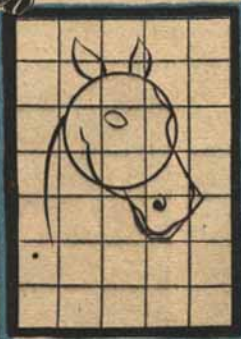
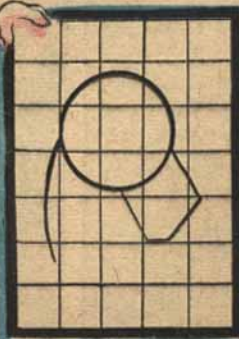
21+14+4+5+18 8+9+13

8+5 9+19 18+21+1+14+9+14+7 25+5+20

9 11+14+16+23

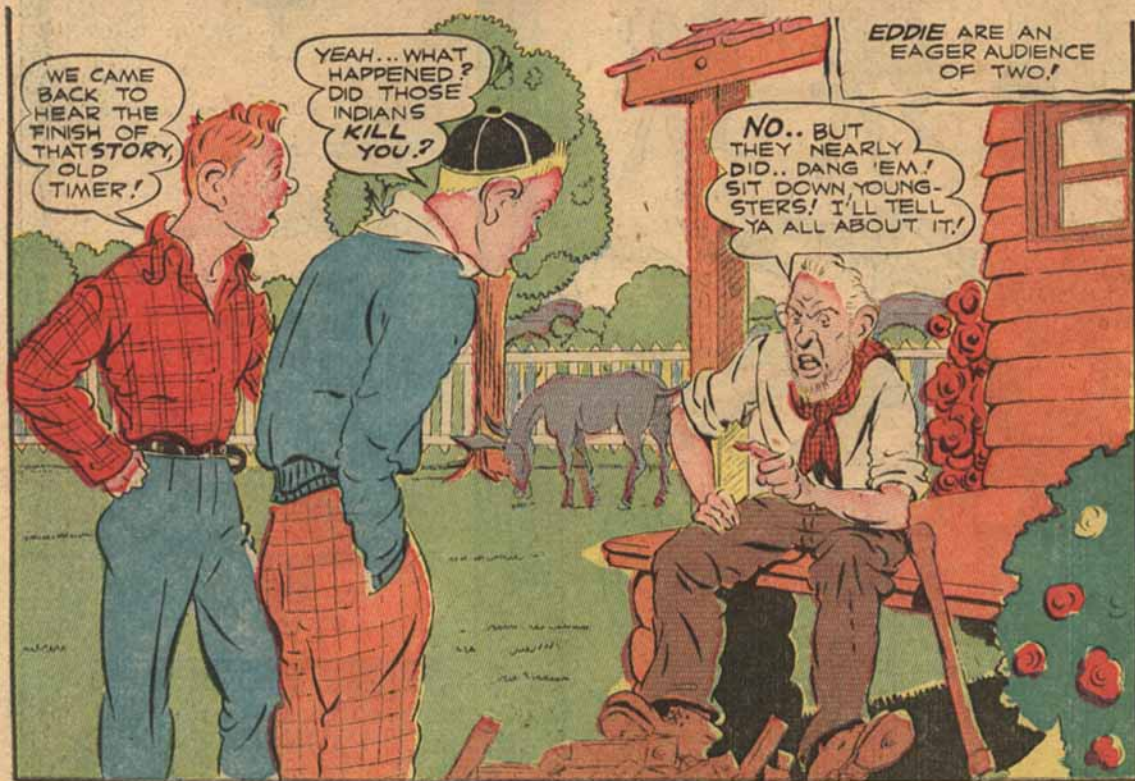
ANSWER:

I HAD A HORSE
WHO JUST WOULDN'T GO -
I BUILT A FIRE UNDER HIM -
HE IS RUNNING YET I KNOW!



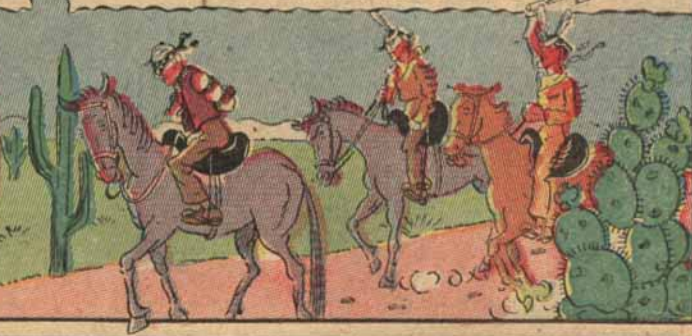
TOMMY TUMMY THE ARTIST, HAS MADE THIS DRAWING LESSON FOR YOU. SEE IF YOU CAN COPY SUCCESSFULLY THESE PICTURES OF DONNY DOBBIN

WILBUR



..ONLY REASON THEY DIDN'T SCALP ME THEN AND THERE, WUZ OUTTA SHEER RESPECT FOR MY COURAGE..

THEY TOOK ME BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE, TIED AND BLINDFOLDED, I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE ANOTHER SUNRISE AGAIN..

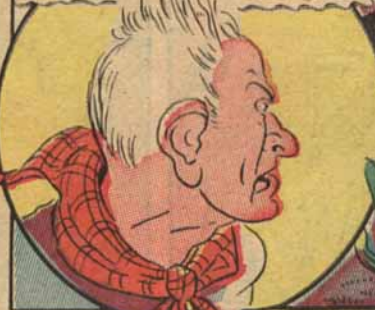


THEN I GOT TO THEIR VILLAGE..



LOOK INTO CAVE PALE FACE!

I LOOKED.. AND WHAT I SAW MADE MY HAIR STAND ON END..



PALE FACES, OTHER ONE COME HERE AS YOU! SEARCH-UM GOLD, LOSE-UM SCALP! NOW YOU JOIN-UM!



BUT THOSE SAVAGES HADN'T RECKONED WITH A MAN - WISE IN THE WAYS OF DESERT TRICKS! WITH A STEALTH THAT PUT THOSE CUNNING SAVAGES TO SHAME I CRYPT AWAY WHEN MY GUARDS WERE ASLEEP..



FOR DAYS I WANDERED IN THE DESERT, UNDER A HOT SEARING SUN.. LOST!



I GOT OUT ALL RIGHT! MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE.. BUT I NEVER DID FIND THAT GOLD MINE AGAIN !!



YA KNOW, YA NEVER KIN TELL WHERE GOLD IS HID! WHY THERE MIGHT BE SOME RIGHT HERE IN WESTFIELD !!

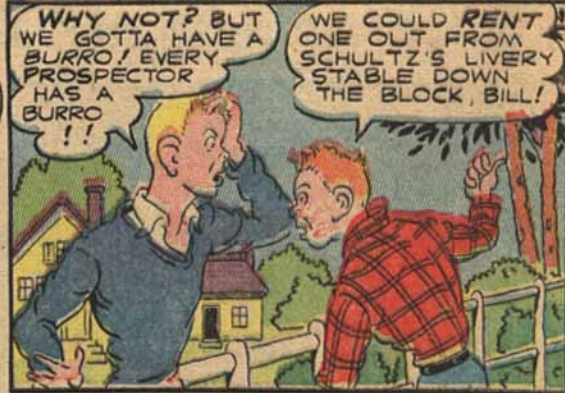


HUH !! GEE.. YA THINK SO?



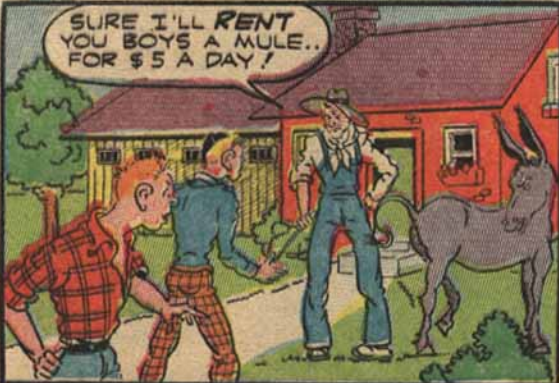
THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING IN WHAT THAT OLD TIMER SAID, EDDIE!

YA MEAN ABOUT A GOLD MINE IN WESTFIELD? GEE, YA REALLY THINK SO, WILBUR? BOY, MAYBE WE OUGHTA GO PROSPECTIN' HUH??



WHY NOT? BUT WE GOTTA HAVE A BURRO! EVERY PROSPECTOR HAS A BURRO !!

WE COULD RENT ONE OUT FROM SCHULTZ'S LIVERY STABLE DOWN THE BLOCK, BILL!



SURE I'LL RENT YOU BOYS A MULE.. FOR \$5 A DAY!



I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY! HOW ABOUT YOU, WILBUR?

I ONLY HAVE 33 CENTS!



I GUESS IT'S ALL OFF NOW! (SIGH)

THE HECK IT IS! YOU GET AS MUCH AS YOU CAN, AND SO WILL I !!



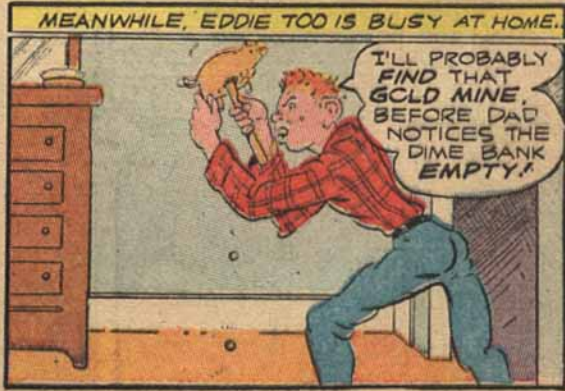
ER... DAD.. THE LAWN HASN'T BEEN MOWED FOR A LONG TIME, AND..

ALL RIGHT! YOU DON'T HAVE TO DRAW ME A BLUE PRINT! FIFTY CENTS FOR THE JOB !!



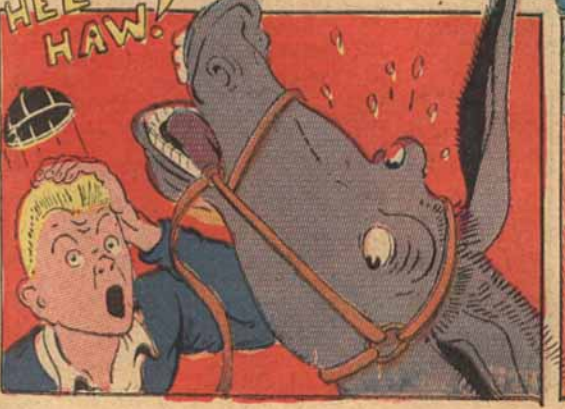
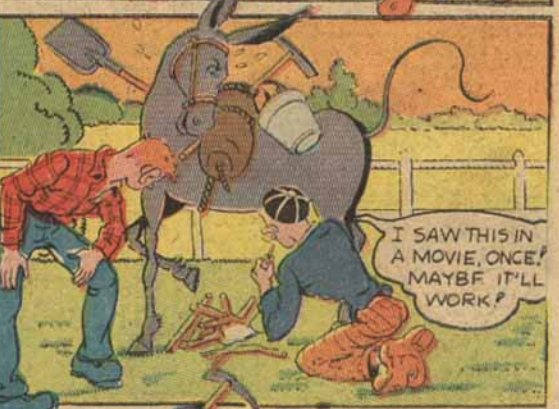
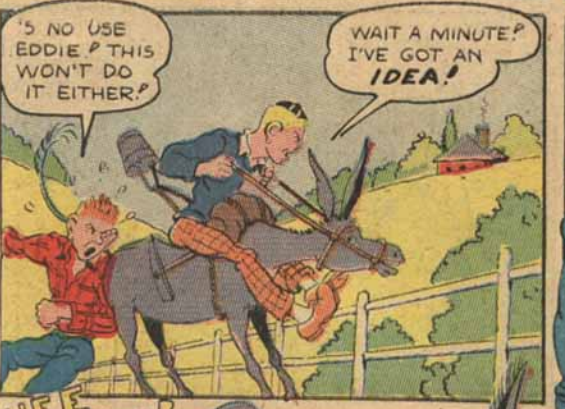
BUT GEE WHIZ, MR ZILCH! THESE SKATES COST ME \$5 NEW!

SORRY, WILBUR, NOT A CENT MORE THAN 75¢!



MEANWHILE, EDDIE TOO IS BUSY AT HOME..

I'LL PROBABLY FIND THAT GOLD MINE BEFORE DAD NOTICES THE DIME BANK EMPTY!!



BOY? OLD TIMER SHOULD TOLD US (PUF) ABOUT MULES (PUF-PUF)

YEAH, (GASP) THERE'S THAT BLAMED MULE UP AHEAD NOWV. **WOW!** HE SURE GAVE US A LONG AND MERRY CHASE?



THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO START DIGGING, EDDIE?

YEAH? LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME?

ONE HOUR LATER
WHEW? WE DUG UP ENOUGH DIRT TO FILL A BATTLESHIP - BUT NO GOLD!

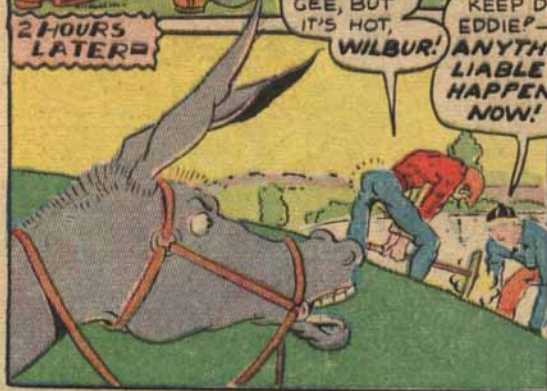
LET'S TRY OVER THERE NOW, **WILBUR!**



2 HOURS LATER

(WHEEZE) GEE, BUT IT'S HOT, **WILBUR!**

KEEP DIGGIN', EDDIE? - ANYTHING'S LIABLE TO HAPPEN NOW!



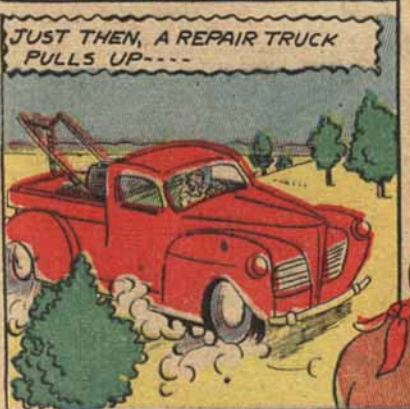
WILBUR I'M DIS-COURAGED!

WHAT? JUST BECAUSE OF A LITTLE MULE KICK? BE A MAN, EDDIE? BE A MAN?

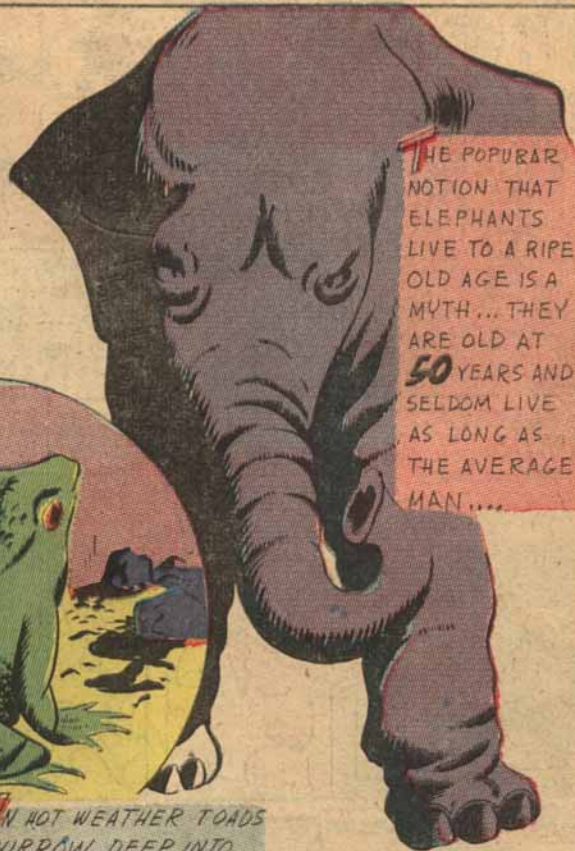




THE WORD OF WILBUR'S STRIKE, SPREADS THRU TOWN LIKE WILDFIRE



WORLD WONDERS



THE POPULAR NOTION THAT ELEPHANTS LIVE TO A RIPE OLD AGE IS A MYTH... THEY ARE OLD AT **50** YEARS AND SELDOM LIVE AS LONG AS THE AVERAGE MAN....



IN HOT WEATHER TOADS BURROW DEEP INTO THE GROUND... THEY MAY LIVE FOR MANY MONTHS IN THEIR HIDEOUT AND COME TO THE SURFACE ONLY WHEN IT RAINS!

AMMONIA

WAS FIRST DISCOVERED AND USED AS A BLEACH BY ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PRIESTS IN THE TEMPLE OF AMMON-RA OVER 5000 YEARS AGO!

The ARMOR
PIERCING
16 INCH SHELLS

ON UNCLE SAM'S
BIG BATTLESHIPS
WEIGHS MORE
THAN THE AVERAGE
AUTOMOBILE
2340 POUNDS!



The WEB

HORROR HOTEL



WHAT WAS THE NAMELESS HORROR THAT HOVERED OVER THAT MYSTERIOUS HOTEL? THAT STRUCK A NOTE OF SUCH UNHOLY FEAR INTO THE SOUL OF ITS GUESTS? THAT PLUNGED THE WEB INTO HIS MOST FANTASTIC, DANGER-STUDDAD ADVENTURE? WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF... HORROR HOTEL?

AS OUR STORY OPENS, JOHN RAYMOND, PROFESSOR OF CRIMINOLOGY, IN REALITY **THE WEB**, PULLS UP IN FRONT OF A HOTEL ---

WELL - THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW TO SNEAK AROUND! FIND PROFESSOR TILLET'S ROOM! I WONDER WHY HE TOOK SUCH A ROUND-ABOUT WAY OF CONTACTING ME, INSTEAD OF SIMPLY CALLING ME BY PHONE! **UNLESS HE'S IN TROUBLE!**



WHILE IN ONE OF THE HOTEL ROOMS---

I HOPE TO HEAVEN THAT MESSAGE DIDN'T GET THROUGH TO THE WEB! IT'S BAD ENOUGH MY LIFE IS IN SUCH TERRIBLE DANGER, **WITHOUT RISKING HIS!**



KILL MYSELF!
THAT WAY, I'LL CHEAT THOSE MURDERERS! NO ONE CAN SAVE ME FROM MY TERRIBLE PREDICAMENT! **NOT EVEN THE WEB!**

THERE'S ONLY ONE DECENT THING FOR ME TO DO--



HELLO PROFESSOR TILLET! OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PROFESSOR RAYMOND, TOLD ME YOU WISHED TO SEE ME!

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEBODY TURNING THE KNOB OF MY DOOR!



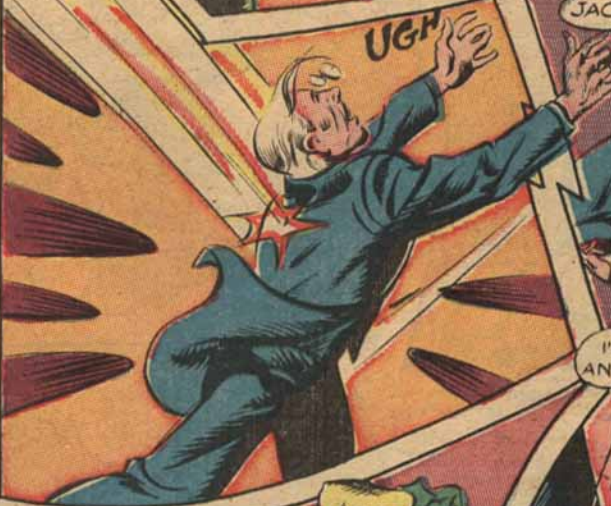
THEY'VE COME! THEY'VE COME TO GET ME, THE DEVILS! BUT I'LL TAKE A GOOD MANY OF THEM WITH ME!



YES, I ASKED FOR YOU WEB! BUT I'M SORRY I DID! GO QUICKLY BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! PLEASE GO! WE'RE SURROUNDED!

WAIT A MINUTE, PROFESSOR, I CAME AND I'M HERE TO STAY! NOW CALM DOWN AND TELL ME EVERYTHING! THIS HOTEL SEEMED TO BE EMPTY! WHY ARE YOU COOPED UP IN YOUR ROOM?

YOU'RE WRONG! THIS PLACE IS A MURDER-TRAP! AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, I'M A PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY! I STOPPED IN HERE ON MY WAY BACK FROM A VERY IMPORTANT CONFERENCE IN WASHINGTON, AND--



KNOCKED OUT COLD! THE BLACK-JACK CAME THRU THE TRANSOM!



WHOEVER IT IS COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR!



I'LL GET HIM, AND WHEN I DO...

GREAT SCOTT!... WHAT KIND OF CLOTHING ARE THOSE? WHERE DID ALL THESE PEOPLE COME FROM ANYWAY? THIS PLACE WAS AS DESERTED AS A MORGUE A SHORT WHILE AGO!

WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHO ARE
THESE PEOPLE
IN THE FANCY
DRESS? LOOKS
LIKE AN OLD
TIME MOVIE!

THESE
HAPPEN TO
BE OUR
CLOTHES,
SUH!

SUDDENLY---

CRACK

HURRY
MEN AND
GET RID
OF HIM!

VE
HAF HIM
SECURELY
TIED,
MEDDLE-
SOME JACK-
ASS!

WHERE AM I?
MY HEAD
FEELS LIKE
THE EMPIRE
STATE BUILD-
ING FELL ON
IT BRICK BY
BRICK!



HEAR DOT?
SHOOTING!
DER POLICE!

WHAT'LL WE
DO WITH
HIM?

THROW HIM
OUT. VE CAN'T
KILL HIM
NOW!

CHUST IN
TIME! HERE
COME DER
POLICE!



THAT'S THE BEST FIRING PRACTICE WE'VE HAD YET!

LET'S GO SOLDIER!

SOLDIERS AT FIRING PRACTICE, HA, HA, HA! AND THEY THOUGHT IT WAS THE POLICE!

MEANWHILE...

SORRY BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO PULL UP TO THE CURB! OUR BATTALION'S COMING THRU HERE! FOR PRACTICE!

ALL RIGHT! CURSE IT! I MUST GET TO A PHONE IMMEDIATELY!

NO CIVILIANS ALLOWED, BUDDY!

HELLO KURT? DIS ISS KESSLER! VE VERE FOOLED INTO LETTING DER WEB GO! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! YOU KNOW THOSE STAGE PROPS VE HAVE READY CHUST FOR SUCH AN EMERGENCY--- GET DEM OUT! HURRY!

OUR SCENE CHANGES AND MANY HOURS LATER WE FIND RETURNING---

THIS IS STRANGE-- CARS PARKED HERE ---PEOPLE AROUND!

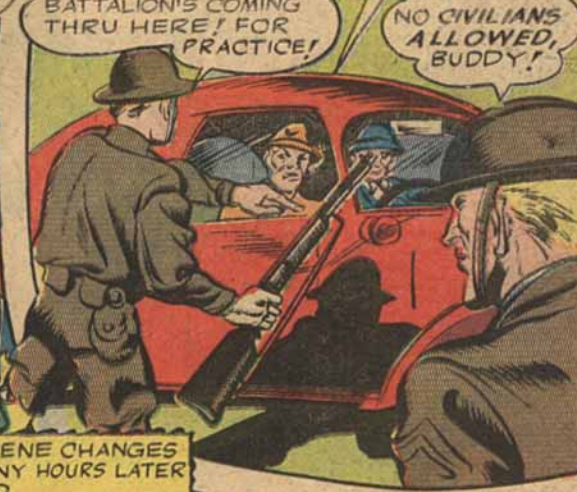
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OLD FASHIONED PEOPLE AND FURNITURE?

AM I CRAZY-- OR HOW COME THIS HOTEL IS SO MODERN NOW?

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY THIS PLACE WAS MODERNIZED!

TEN YEARS AGO! YOU'RE LYING! THIS PLACE HAS CHANGED SINCE I SAW IT LAST!

NO--NO THAT'S NOT TRUE, YOU'RE CRAZY!



DON'T BE RIDICULOUS! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

YOU'VE DESCRIBED THIS HOTEL THE WAY IT LOOKED TEN YEARS AGO... BEGGING YOUR PARDON, I SEE A LUMP ON YOUR HEAD... PERHAPS YOU HURT YOURSELF AND YOU'RE NOT FEELING WELL!

CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S GOING ON HERE! MAYBE I AM NUTS, BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT FOR SURE!



GOOD LORD! HE MUST HAVE HURRIED RIGHT BACK TO WASHINGTON WHEN HE SAW HE'D FORGOTTEN HIS PORTFOLIO! I HATE TO CARRY AROUND ALL THESE VALUABLE PAPERS OF HIS!

HMM-- HE CERTAINLY HAD A QUICK CHANGE OF MIND ABOUT A ROOM-- AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD!

LATER-- PROFESSOR TILLET'S ROOM PLEASE?

I'M SORRY, SIR! THERE'S NO-BODY BY THAT NAME REGISTERED HERE!

VALUABLE PAPERS!-- ER-- AH-- PERHAPS I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND A ROOM FOR YOU, SIR!



NOW, I'LL JUST STEP INTO MY BATHROOM!

...FOR A QUICK CHANGE! THE WEB IS GOING TO FIND OUT THE SECRET OF THIS HOTEL!

OH, OH! VOICES! THESE BUNNIES AREN'T WASTING ANY TIME GETTING THOSE VALUABLE PAPERS! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE--!



WHILE OUTSIDE--- WE GO RIGHT IN
UND KILL HIM,
YA?

AH! HE IS IN BED!
JUST A LITTLE
LONGER NOW
UNTIL VE ARE
SURE HE IS
ASLEEP!

FRITZ, YOU DUNDERHEAD! DO
YOU WANT TO SPOIL EVERYTHING?
VE MUST BE CLEVER LIKE DER
FUEHRER HIMSELF! VE WAIT
UNTIL HE HAS GONE TO SLEEP!

I'LL HAVE TO
USE THIS
BATHROOM
WINDOW TO
GET OUT!
OH, OH, LUCK!
THERE'S A
DRAIN PIPE
MADE TO
ORDER!

NOW I'M GOING TO INCH MY
WAY AROUND THE BUILDING
SOMEHOW! IF PROFESSOR
TILLET'S ANYWHERE IN THIS
HOTEL,
I'LL FIND
HIM!

AND IN ONE OF
THE ROOMS--
CURSE YOUR
STUBBORNNESS,
TALK! TALK!

VE KNOW, PROFESSOR
TILLET, DOT YOU VENT
TO WASHINGTON TO
MAKE YOUR REPORT
ON A NEW ANTI-SUB EX-
PLOSIVE YOU HAFF DIS-
COVERED! TELL US DOT-
OR YOU'LL NEFFER
TALK AGAIN!

THAT'S
RIGHT! HE
WON'T---
BUT NOT FOR
THE REASON
YOU
THINK!



BUT I'LL TALK ---
IN A LANGUAGE OF
MY OWN!

ON SECOND THOUGHT,
ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER
THAN WORDS!

STOP IT!

HELP!

SOCK

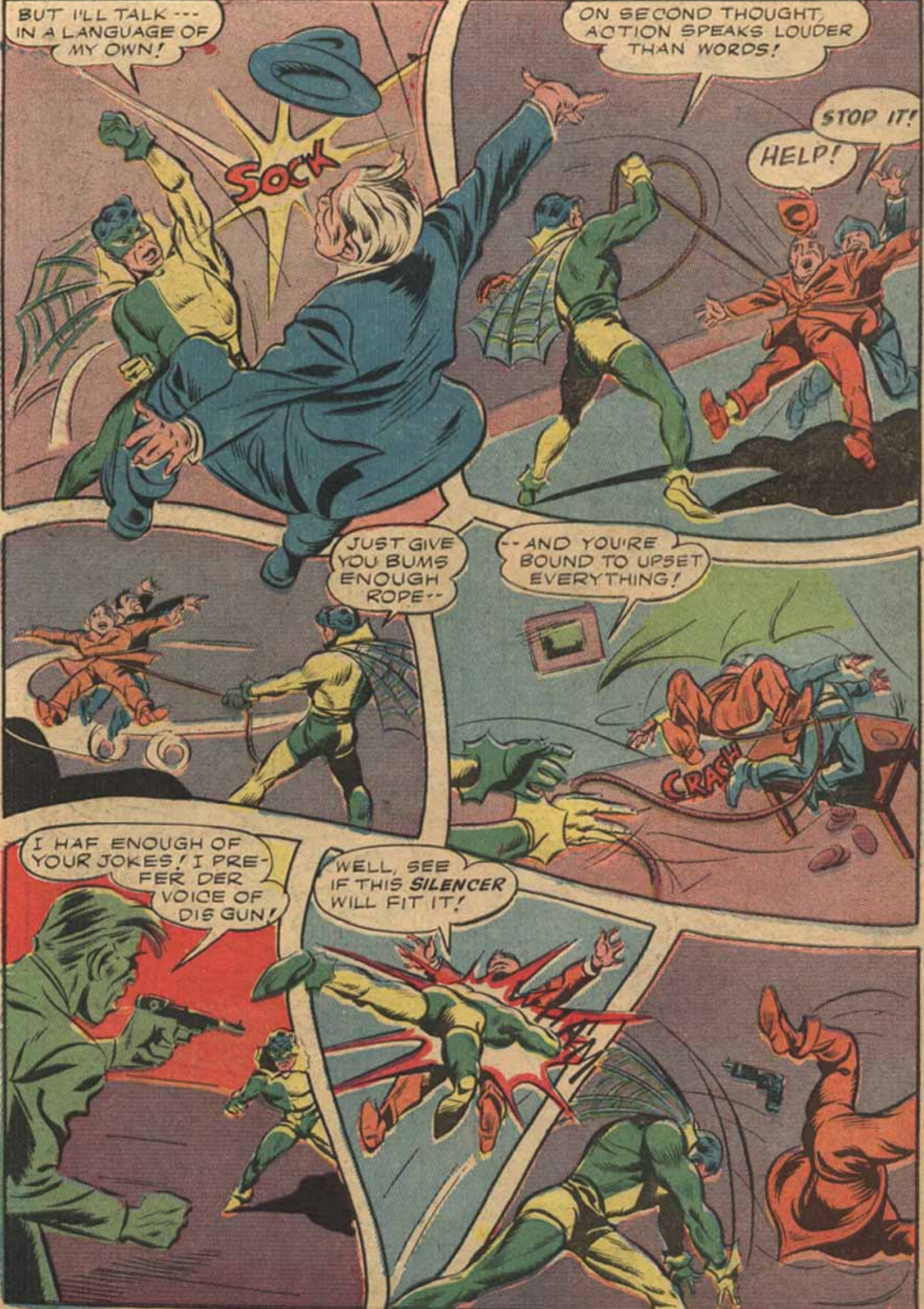
JUST GIVE
YOU BUMS
ENOUGH
ROPE--

-- AND YOU'RE
BOUND TO UPSET
EVERYTHING!

CRASH

I HAF ENOUGH OF
YOUR JOKES! I PREFER
DER VOICE OF
DIS GUN!

WELL, SEE
IF THIS **SILENCER**
WILL FIT IT!

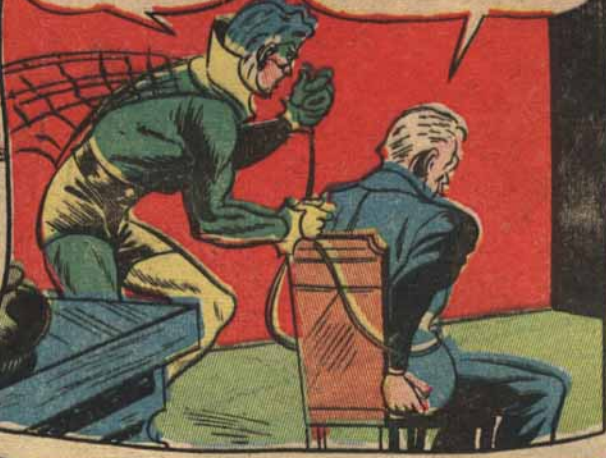


CURSE DOT VEB! HE'S PROBABLY CALLED DER POLICE, TOO! I'D BETTER SAFE MINE OWN SKIN!



I'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF HERE IN A MOMENT, PROFESSOR!

NEVER MIND ME, WEB! THE RINGLEADER IS ESCAPING! YOU MUST CATCH HIM!



THAT'S JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO --- THE DOPE IS SO PANIC, HE DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO WARN THE OTHER NAZIS INFESTING THE HOTEL!

AND THAT SUITS ME FINE! THE PROFESSOR WILL BE SAFE FOR A WHILE -- WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR YOU -- LOUSE!



OUT OF CONTROL, THE CAR GOES HURLING OFF THE ROAD, AND ----

CRASH

THERE HE GOES AGAIN -- BUT HE'S NOT GOING TO LOSE ME!



KESSLER! COME BACK, DON'T RUN THAT WAY! COME BACK!

SUDDENLY SHOTS RING OUT--AND--

AIEEEEE
BANG
BANG



GREAT GUNS!
HE RAN RIGHT INTO OUR RIFLE RANGE!

S-A-Y,
I WARNED
THAT GUY
A COUPLE
OF HOURS
AGO!



HE GOT WHAT WAS COMING TO HIM, MEN! HE WAS THE HEAD OF A SPY RING! FOLLOW ME AND WE'LL ROUND UP HIS GANG!

RIGHT IN THERE, BOYS!-- AND LET YOUR CONSCIENCES BE YOUR GUIDE!



I WON'T ASK YOU WHAT THEY WERE TRYING TO DRAG OUT OF YOU PROFESSOR! I KNOW IT'S A MILITARY SECRET! BUT HOW DID

THOSE THOSE NAZI FIENDS FOLLOWED ME TRAP YOU THAT WAY? ALL THE WAY FROM WASHINGTON--

--- THEN WHEN I REGISTERED IN THIS HOTEL, THEY WENT TO THE GREAT LENGTHS OF BUYING IT-- JUST TO MAKE SURE I DIDN'T ESCAPE THEM! THE REST, YOU KNOW!



YES! I INTERFERED WITH THEIR SET-UP, SO THEY TRIED TO CONFUSE ME BY RENOVATING THEIR HOTEL, AND SO GAIN VALUABLE TIME! TIME TO SWEAT YOUR INFORMATION OUT OF YOU!